

A

PINDARICK

Sacred to the

MEMORY

Of the Illustrious

JAMES Earl STANHOPE, &c.



A circular red postmark from the British Museum, London, dated 15th May 1962. The postmark features a heraldic crest with a lion and unicorn, surrounded by the text 'BRITISH MUSEUM' at the top and 'LONDON' at the bottom. The date '15 MAY 1962' is in the center.

Art of Design

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NAME'S END STATION

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A PINDARICK

Sacred to the
MEMORY
Of the Illustrious
JAMES Earl STANHOPE,
Viscount MAHONE,
Baron of ELVASTON,
Principal Secretary of State, &c.

By Mr. JAMES DOWNES.

*Should Sin search Nature, to provide her here
A second Entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a Plenty like this Herse,
Till Time present her with the Universe.*

Dryd. Misc. p. 1.

L O N D O N :

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S. Paul's Church-yard. 1721. (Price 4 d.)

April.



15 MAY 1962

To the Honourable
THOMAS PITTS, Esq;

SIR,

AFTER what a worthy Relation of the Illustrious Deceased had dedicated to his Memory, I began (and not without Reason) to despair of the Success of this Piece: Till upon a more careful perusing of his, finding, that tho' we had pursued the same Design, (namely, the endeavouring, in some measure, at his mighty Character, and bewailing his infinite Loss) yet we had done it by various Methods, and had likewise touch'd upon different Parts of his Character, I reassumed my Design of publishing it. But then dreading the ill natured Censures the World would make upon it, I resolved to put it under the Protection of One, whose eminent Virtue and Probity, would discourage them from daring any such Attempt.

And

DEDICATION.

And who, Sir, should I address to for Protection, unless to You; who, besides your Family Alliance, were so closely join'd to Him in the strictest Bonds of Friendship, and (what's far more dear) by the invincible Tie of Virtue; and who, having (in fine) sustain'd in him, a more considerable Loss than any other, are consequently more particularly interested in the Defence of those, who endeavour to pay that last and solemn Tribute of Tears, so justly due to his Immortal Memory.

In it, Sir, I have inclined to the Pastoral Way of Writing, as thinking that those Descriptions are more capable of exciting Grief, and have a greater Tendency to engage the soft Passions of the Mind, than any other. Yet in some Places in the latter Part, I have made it speak the Heroic, as being more suitable to his Great Character.

I must confess, Sir, that I have been guilty of a great Oversight, in neglecting so fair an Opportunity to depaint the Perfections of

DEDICATION.

of his mournful Relict, your worthy Daughter: But you will be inclinable to pardon me, when you consider, That as another Dryden only can give the great Deceased's Virtues and Actions their proper Lustre, so she would be but disgraced by any other than a Waller's Pen. I am,

S I R,

Your most devoted Servant,

JAMES DOWNES.



PINDARICK

To the Illustrious
Earl STANHOPE.

I.

YE Sacred Nine, from *Helicon*
Descend, and tune your mournful
(Song;

Oh! come adorn this Hero's Shrine,
Let it with Rays deriv'd from your resul-
(gent Glory shine.

Cease to lament th' Illustrious *CATO's Fall;
A nobler Patriot now bewail,
How gloriously he liv'd, how matchless
(dy'd now tell.

* Addison.

B

Let

Let his great Name
 For ever be enroll'd,
 With shining Characters of Gold,
 In the bright Register of never dying Fame :
 There let him in the Front appear,
 'Mong Champions dreaded and renown'd
 (in War.
 Another DRYDEN then bestow ;
 Inspire his warbling Lays, (Verse,
 In lofty swelling Sounds, sublime majestick
 His mighty Deeds to After Ages to rehearse,
 (Thereby acquiring for himself vast Glory
 [too.)
 Then shall great STANHOPE's Name in
 (every Mouth resound,
 Immortal as the Poet's Verse be found.



II.

But till so vast a Genius does arise,
Pardon, thou lovely Relict; and forgive,
Thou Great Heroick Shade, that now above
(dost live,

In Joys ineffable, and Bliss;
That with my weak unhallow'd Pen,
I dare to tread the rugged Paths of Fame,
And make Thy Glories, and Thyself my
(Theme.

But hold! methinks I see Thee looking
(down,

Thus speaking, with an angry Frown:

‘ *Rash Youth, forbear, nor boldly try,*
‘ *Let not thy daring Thoughts aspire so high,*
‘ *As but to touch my sacred Honour and Renown;*
‘ *Leave it for such as Him thou nam'dst, to do,*
‘ *Nor let me once be mention'd thus by you.*

Yes, I'll obey, but yet must shed some
(Tears,

To thy great Memory, must pay these last
(Devoirs.

III.

Mourn all ye Groves, ye Flowers droop
(your Heads,

Ye British Rivers weep, within your ouzy
(Beds.

Let Silver *Thames* and *Iris* mourn their Fate,
(

Since the brave STANHOPE's gone,

That Dear! that Darling Son!

In whom so brightly shone,

All that was Virtuous, Beautiful, and Great.

In mournful Murmurs now, let all your
(Waters move,

Let them sad Messengers of this, to th' Ocean
(rove,

Tell

Illustrious Earl STANHOPE. 5

Tell him, that STANHOPE's gone to grace
(the World above.

Let *Zephyrus*, who on his spicy Wings
Sweet fragrant Odours to us brings,
With all the little Loves,
Which sport around in th' ambient Air, or
(haunt the shady Groves,
Dejected now, and sad appear,
And all th' unfeigned Marks of real Sorrow
(wear.

IV.

Let *Philomela* tune her warbling Throat,
And in each sweet enchanting Note
His sacred Name repeat,
Which us'd to fill our Souls with soft Delight:
Let it be ever on her Tongue;
The Subject ever of her mournful Song.
Let

Let the sad Turtle, who laments her Mate,
 Cease pining for him, and mourn STAN-
 HOPE's Fate;

With broken Murmurs, let her fill the
 Woods,

Tell the sad Story to the circumjacent Floods,
 And let them echo back the dismal Sound,

Let it from all their melancholy Shores
 (rebound,

STANHOPE the Brave, the Generous STAN-
 HOPE's dead,

And with Him all our Joys and Hopes are
 (fled.

V.

See! at this News how all the Works of
 (Nature moan;

Hark! how from th' antient Oaks th' af-
 flicted Dryads groan.

Zephyrs

Illustrious Earl STANHOPE. 7

Zephyrs no more in airy Mazes play,
Or with their Breath refresh the Day ;

But in hoarse Whispers move,
In doleful Accents tell their Grief, to all the
(lift'ning Grove.

See too ! the Rivers now glide slowly on,
Reluctant in Meanders flow :
Hark ! how they tell to all the Shores by
(which they run,

The noble STANHOPÉ's dead, is gone ;
And with him's fled the *British* Glory too.

Now to our mournful, yet expecting Eyes,
No sylvan Scenes, or flow'ry Landschapes
(rise ;

Naked and wither'd all the Trees appear;
The Flow'rs droop, and Marks of Mourn-
(ing wear :
Only

Only the Hyacinth does now more glorious
(show,

Flourish in Grief, rejoice itself in Woe :
So too the Cypress, with the baleful Yew,
Present themselves more green, and spread-
(ing to our View.

Nor need we wonder that they grieve,
Since He who was their chiefest Favourite
(hath ceas'd to Live.

VI.

Look ! how disconsolate the BRITISH LYON
(lies,
How he rolls his mournful Eyes,
Hear ! how lamentably he cries.

STANHOPE he weeps, who taught him how
(to roar,
Who made him Victor on th' HISPANIAN
(Shore,
And shook that Pow'r that aw'd the World
(before.
Inspir'd

Illustrious Earl STANHOPE. 9

Inspir'd by Him, by his Example taught;
Death in a Thousand various dreadful
(Shapes he sought;

Sometimes among the foremost Ranks of
(War,

Sometimes it in pale Famine did appear;
Yet he was resolute, and void of Fear.

Still he led on, resolv'd to die,
Or with his Sword hew out his Way t' im-
(mortal Victory.

But now he's fled, and left him here to
(mourn,

Fled to that Place, whence none can e'er re-
(turn.

VII.

Him too, his Sov'REIGN does bewail,
Laments his sad and unexpected Fall:

C

‘ Alas,

‘ Alas, he’s gone ! that bravest, truest Friend,
‘ That did so generously my Interest defend ;
‘ He who in both Extreams so glorious did appear,
‘ The Life of Peace, and Genius of the War :
‘ Who, like great BRUTUS, would have chose to die
‘ In the Defence of Me and’s Liberty.

'Tis true, (Great Sir) he's gone,
Too true, alas ! his matchless Spirit's flown :
But 'tis to th' blissful Realms of Peace and
(Love,
From serving Thee (the best of Kings) t' a-
(dore the Pow'rs above.

VIII.

He, like the great MÆCENAS, did arise,
The Muses sinking Cause to Patronize:
His Smiles reviv'd the drooping Bays,
Influenc'd

Illustrious Earl STANHOPE. 11

Influenc'd by Him, th' inspired Train fresh
(tun'd their Lays,

And from their grateful Lyres sung his Praise.

Yet were his Favours unconfin'd,
Free, great, and gen'rous, like his Godlike
(Mind;

To the Deserving, he his Bounty did dis-
With such Munificence, (pence,

As doesth' ALMIGHTY in his Providence.

And as if he ne'er could be outdone

In Acts of Generosity,
So He in Parts all others did outvye;

Above them all resplendent shone:

Those Virtues which in others but appear
Like distant Stars, revolving each within a
(diff'rent Sphere,

Were all conjoin'd, did all constellate
(here.

His Wit, his Judgment, ev'ry thing conspir'd
 To make him be rever'd by All, by All ad-
 (mir'd.

Others to Knowlege by Degrees attain,
 Hard Study, Industry, and Pain :
 But He as swiftly to Perfection did arrive,
 As unembodi'd Spirits do,
 Who at the first Perception know :
 Or else it surely was Intuitive,
 Innate to's Soul, and which, still older as he
 (grew,
 Appear'd more glorious to our wondring
 (View.
 Yet with it such Humility was join'd,
 Such graceful Modesty combin'd,
 As made him, like MARCELLUS, stil'd, the
 (Fav'rite of Mankind.

IX. But

IX.

But oh! why was he made thus Generous
(and Great,

To be snatch'd from us so, by an untimely
(Fate?

Why was he destin'd thus to be
The Subject of our greatest Joy and Misery?

Had niggard Heav'n but form'd
Him with less Art and Care;

Or not adorn'd (Rare;

His Soul with Qualities so Excellent and
Or had it but confin'd him to a narrower
(Sphere;

Then not b'ing Worthy, or his Worth un-
(known,

We'd had no Cause, at most, a Lef to moan.

But when't had made him so Exact,
Bless'd him with Virtues capable to attract
The Souls of all th' Attack'd:

When

When it with such Endowments had him
(grac'd,
And in a Station so exalted plac'd;
As if then jealous of the Bliss w' enjoy'd,
Or fearing lest we should be by Fruition
(cloy'd;
Then, when we least expected it, to snatch
(his Breath,
And take him from us by a hasty Death;
Excites like Grief and Anguish in each Mind,
To that which those unhappy Spirits find,
Who, having tasted once celestial Bliss,
Were banish'd from that Happiness,
And hurl'd down into the unfathomable
(dark Abyfs.
Had Fate at one dire Stroke fell'd Thousands
(of the Common Herd,
And his great, useful Life but spar'd,

The

The Loss would Inconsiderable have ap-
(pear'd.

Some Months, perhaps, or one revolving
(Year,

That Damage might repair :

But many Years, scarce num'rous Ages, can
Be able to produce so Good, so Great a Man.

X.

But hold, my Muse, thy fruitless Tears re-
(frain ;

Since he's no more, thy Plaints are all in vain;

No more to us ; for now he's wafted o'er,
Is pass'd triumphant to th' *Elisian* Shore :

There he's attended by the Heroes of Anti-
(quity,

Who flock in Crowds innumerable, to see
One far more Great, more Glorious far
(than they.

By

By Them he's strait conducted to
 Those happy Seats, where Pleasures ever
 (flow,
 And Joys unutt'rable, above the Pow'r of
 (Verse,
 Or most exalted Muses Skill to fancy or
 (rehearse :
 There, from the Cares of State and Bus'ness
 (free,
 He now enjoys a calm Repose, and bless'd
 (Serenity.
 There let him rest; while here his glorious
 (Name,
 Shall shine for ever bright, in the Records of
 (Fame ;
 Till even all devouring Time itself shall be
 Lost in the immense Gulph of round Eter-
 (nity.



FINIS.

